A NEW

ELEGY

Upon the Death of

Sir Charles Duncomb, Kt.

Formerly Lord Mayor of *LONDON*; who departed this Life, on *Monday* the 9th of *April*, 1711, at his Houſe at *Teddington*, near *Brentford* in *Middleſex*, about the 60th Year of his Age.

'TIS plain the Great or Rich no Power have,
No Privilege to keep 'em from the Grave;
Frail is our State, Born and ordain'd to Die,
None can avoid the ſtroke of Deſtiny.
DUNCOMB! who lately fill'd the *Honour'd Chair*,
Tho' bleſt with heaps of Wealth, Death wou'd not ſpare.
Alas! how vain then is the Life of Man?
Whoſe moſt extended Age is ſcarce a Span!
How fleeting and inconſtant is our State?
How ſubject to the ſudden Storms of Fate?
Time cloſes up our Earthly Stage, and we
Muſt, ſoon or late, yield to Mortality.
DUNCOMB, with all his Riches, is no more.
Subdu'd by Death, in ſpight of all its Store.
Nor muſt we with opprobious Tales agree,
And Rob him of the *Praiſe* of Induſtry.
Fortune that Favour'd him had made him wiſe,
And finding now it was his time to riſe,
He prudently did with her Smiles comply,
Embracing ev'ry Opportunity.
Tho' Envious Tongues reported him unjuſt,
The Law confirm'd him faithfull to his Truſt.
Nor need we wonder, Men by growing Great,
Draw on themſelves the mark of *Publick* Hate;
When Envy ſtill attends the Fortunate.
So may we now believe it *DUNCOMB*'s Caſe,
Tho' Publick Malice for a while took Place.
We ſaw him Thrive ſtill——fill the *City Chair*,
And with the Beſt *Lord-Mayors* he may compare.
Witneſs the *Publick Structure* that he rais'd,
A Pious Work, deſerving to be prais'd.
So good in That, that even his very Foes,
Allow'd him to be Noble Generous,
His Charity Diffus'd it ſelf around,
At thoſe that wanted oft in *Plenty* found:
The *Poor* were at his Gate reliev'd always,
As by their Sorrow now they ſpeak his *Praiſe*.

Let other *Pens* then as they pleaſe Indite,
In this one Thing I'll do his Mem'ry right.
He to the Church was a moſt Faithful Friend,
And did in time of need his Preſence lend;
When Both Sides ſtruggling were to gain the * *DAY*,
Tho' in a State of Body Ill he lay;
Dreading no Danger, feebly there did Ride,
And gave his Vote and Int'reſt on the *Church's Side*.
As if to ſay he'd with his lateſt Breath
The *Church* befriend, in ſpight of threat'ning Death.
Which now upon his Spirits ſtole ſo faſt,
It ſeems the vigour of his Life was paſt;
Death ſtole apace upon his yielding Mind,
And with a Tyrant Lingering Sickneſs join'd:
Which at length his Soul and Body did divide,
And mid'ſt of Honour, Age, and Wealth he Died.

* *The Election at* Brentford.

The EPITAPH.

HEre DUNCOMB *lies, ſubdu'd by Death,*
Who i'th' midſt of Wealth reſign'd his Breath.
With Juſtice once he fill'd the CHAIR,
And was the City's Honour'd MAYOR.
He Gen'rous was, Reliev'd the Poor,
And Good did do with that his Store.
Tet's Life——If you believe, ſome will,
Was Chequer'd both with Good and Ill.

FINIS.

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IS plain the Great no Pow'rs have,
No Privilege to keep 'em from the Grave;
Frail is our State, born and ordain'd to Die,
None can avoid the Stroke of Destiny.
DUNCOMB! who lately held the Honour'd Chair,
Tho' blest with Heaps of Wealth, Death won'd not spare.
Alas! how vain then is the Life of Man;
Whose most extended Age is scarce a Span!
How fleeting and inconstant is our State!
How subject to the sudden Storms of Fate!
Time clothes up our Earthly Stage, and we
Mark, from or hence, yield to Mortality,
DUNCOMB, with all his Riches, is no more.
Snatch'd by Death, in Spight of all its Store.
Nor high we with opprobious Tales aspire,
Nor Rich him of the Palm of Industry.
Tho' Envious Tongues reproached him with Pride,
Yet Law confined him Partial to the Truth.
Then need we wonder, Men by greater Great,
Dare on themselves the Marks of Malice draw,
When Envy still attends the Fortunate.
So may we now believe it DUNCOMB's Case,
That Publick Malice for a while to Place
He has him Driven Hi—Hi the Chair
But well the Lord Mayor bravely
Despise the Publick Storms that he
Nothing it self, deserving to be prais'd,
Nor Thro' that Dignity Fame,
Allow'd him the Noble Character

The Elevation of Merchants.

The EPITAPH.

HERE DUNCOMB lies, fleeted by Death,
In the 60th Year of his Age regretted by Many
Many Parts were he RICH the CHAIR,
And was the City's Honour'd MAYOR.
He Serves may Relieved the Poor,
And Good did he out his Store;
His Life—If you Love well,
Who Obeyed Him with Good and Ill.

FINIS.